Daily Eagle

THE VIGIL OF ADAM.

Far in Asia, saith the legend,
On a peak whose nameless towers
Use the plains a hundred miles off
For their dial of the hours;

Where the tallest Himalaya
Rises sad because so lonely,
Whence the eagle swoops in terror,
And the stars of God are only;

Sitteth one of ancient visage,
One more strange than aught below him,
One who lived so near to God once,
That for man we scarce should know him;

Far above the busy world tribes,
Miles above the pine trees, bending,
Lonely as when God first made him,
There he keepeth watch unending.
—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

MR. MOUSER'S SAWBUCK.

Mr. Mouser and his merry little wife occupied a charming cottage in the suburbs of a large city in the "Fatherland." His business connections were of such a nature that he was usually at leisure after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Mouser prided himself on being a man of originality and brains. Mr. Mouser also liked a little joke, at other people's expense.

It was autumn. Mr. Mouser had just laid in a goodly supply of winter fuel. Wood was chiefly used for this purpose in the land of Mr. Mouser's birth.

Sitting by the window of his cozy living room, enjoying a royal smoke from the long stemmed porcelain pipe, Mr. Mouser watched the wood sawyer plying his trade, made easy by long habit of handling wood and saw. As Mr. Mouser gazed and pondered an idea crept into his head. It was grasped—as ideas quickly became captive there."

"Lizbeth," said he to his wife, "it is singular I never thought of it before—I generally think of such things—but it strikes me that I could saw that wood myself."

"Gracious! what an idea!"

"A bright one, isn't it? A big saving, too! Just see with what ease it is done—the man cuts through the sticks as if he were slicing bread and butter; besides, I require more exercise; my health is not what it has been."

"Why, dear, do you feel ill?"

"N-no, but a man needs to exert himself if he does not wish to run down in muscular power. My habits are too confining; a sense of this fact has been growing on me lately. But I have solved the difficulty while watching that man play on his sawjack."

A merry twinkle of the eyes and a laudable endeavor to maintain a serious expression would have convinced the beholder that Lizbeth also had ideas, but like a properly respectful wife she kept them to herself until called for.

"Do you think, Lizbeth, that a little gentle muscular activity is what I need to stimulate appetite?"

"You might paint the house or do some less tiresome work than woodsawing," replied Mrs. Mouser.

"Oh, you underrate my capacities, my dear. And sawing wood is not such hard work. Come and see how simply it is done, yet how every muscle is brought into play. I am enchanted with my idea, and shall carry it out. The man can finish this job, but it shall be the last I ever pay for."

Mr. Mouser meant business. He at once ordered the very best kind of a sawjack made. He purchased a splendid saw, with sharp teeth and a light frame. He pranced about, happy as a schoolboy, with dabs of yellow and green paint spattered all over his person, until finally the saw frame suited him in its bright yellow coat. The sawjack he painted a lovely light green.

Daily he promenaded impatiently around the sheds where the wood was stored, and grumbled because the fuel lasted so unusually long. At intervals he added another coat of green paint to the highly decorated sawing jack ("sawbuck" it is called sometimes), and bade all his acquaintances and friends come and inspect his patent calisthenic toys, until every one for miles around became familiar with Mr. Mouser's green sawing jack.

At last the longed for day arrived. A big load of fine hickory had been piled up in close proximity to the tools of decimation.

Mr. Monser was all excitement. He passed by his amused wife with important disdain, and scarcely gave himself time to devour his dinner, he was so eager to be at work.

"Nothing more, thanks," he replied, as his wife wished to replenish his cup. Rising, he hastened to handle his pets with an ardor that caused Lizbeth to smile knowingly as she watched him pick out the very smallest and most slender cord sticks.

This was a great mistake on Mr. Mouser's part. He should have tackled the difficult ones first, on the simple but fruitful theory that custom would have sweetened his toil with the balm of greater ease.

My! how the saw rented and the abbreviated sticks tumbled to the ground! Still Lizbeth, who was peeping with laughter brimming eyes, noticed that at the third cord stick work seemed to slacken just a little, but seven were finished, and Mr. Mouser came in, declaring he felt glorious.

The second day Mr. Mouser remained at table a trifle longer. Four cord sticks in broken lengths licked the dust, however.

Third day—Mr. Mouser took time to glance over The Daily News after dinner. Record: Three cord sticks.

"Lizbeth," said he, "I think I've been cheated in the saw jack. It is not put together on as practical a plan as I was led to believe. It wriggles."

Fourth day—Mr. Mouser toyed over his dinner extensively. He smoked his pipe and read the paper. He glanced over his monthly magazine until dark, and then started up, exclaiming:

"Mercy! how short the days are!"

Mrs. Mouser enjoyed the situation intensely, but said never a word.

Fifth day—Mr. Mouser rose with a sense of injustice resting upon him. All day he was haunted by the outrageous fate that made him the owner of a sawing jack.

"My dear, we require more wood than usual today and to-morrow, washing and ironing days, you know," said Mrs. Mouser as soon as he got home.

"I never saw anything like the way you women manage to consume fuel!" and Mr. Mouser grabbed his hat and strode angrily toward the woodpile. A few sticks fell before the savage manipulation of the saw, while Mr. Mouser's snarling kept excellent time to the wild motions of the sawyer.

With a crash he sent the saw flying over the woodpile. This was too much. His wife was a brute to expect him to work like a slave during the few moments he could call his own free from business drudgery. But if he gave up he would never hear the last of it. Oh, if he could only get rid of that sawjack.

A long time he pondered, at last a smile of joy illuminated his face. That night, after his wife had retired, Mr. Mouser slipped out and carried that hated green object to the front gate. Presto, in the morning the corpus delicti would be gone. The highway was full of robbers, who would steal anything and everything.

He would make a big fuss about the loss, but take good care not to buy a second sawjack.

He slept the sleep of the just until about 4 o'clock in the morning. It was still dark, but his anxiety to assure himself of the loss of his trouble caused him to sneak out and reconnoiter. The sawjack was still there. Mr. Mouser whispered—not a prayer. "Oh, well, there is time enough still between this hour and daylight for a theft to be committed," he muttered. It was the voice of Mrs. Mouser that awakened him in time for breakfast. He glanced out of the window the first thing. Oh, how brightly the sun shone, and the sawjack gleamed up at him in all its verdant beauty. No robber hand had carried it away. A fearful sigh escaped the Mouser bosom.

"You must saw some wood for me before you go, dear," said his wife.

"What, more wood!"

"Yes, dear; recollect you only sawed one stick last evening," rejoined Mrs. Mouser meekly, but a wicked gleam of mischief played about her eyes and mouth.

Mr. Mouser ignored her reply, and hastened to town with his pretty tools with a vigor born of awful fury, but way down in his soul a voice groaned, that sawing jack must go!

Where? whence? how?

Mr. Mouser was a man of resources. Twelve o'clock, midnight. A burglarish darkness and silence brooded around as a man stole hence from his couch, and, grabbing his trousers, left a cozy bedroom. A little later the only other active creature about, a feline prima donna, might have witnessed a sorry sight: a solitary man marching townward, clutching in his strong right hand a beautifully painted green sawing jack.

Soon he returned. The sawing jack, where was it?

Mr. Mouser rose that morning in a most delightful frame of mind.

"Lizbeth, my dear little Lizbeth," he exclaimed, friskily, "I am going to work in earnest today. I am feeling fine, much better than I have for some time. Here, feel this arm. How's that for muscle, eh? That's what sawing wood has done!"

Lizbeth blinked sadly, but looked contented. Mr. Mouser hastened out to "flip off a stick or two before breakfast," but soon came in looking quite angry and puzzled.

"What in the world has become of that jack?" It was gone. "Such infamy—to steal one's very implements of toil!" he cried in a rage, as he sent for the old wood sawyer again.

Mr. Mouser, of course, grieved over his loss, but managed to conquer the regret sufficiently to display some of his old wit and mirth.

But this good feeling received a sudden check the morning after the burglary of the "jack."

He had just opened the daily paper, when his glance was arrested by a leading paragraph.

"Lizbeth, look at this!"

Mrs. Mouser became alarmed. Her husband was pale as death and trembling in every limb as he handed her the paper. She read:

"The residence of the Hon. Oliver was broken into night before last and a large sum of money and valuable plate and jewelry stolen. * * * The robbers entered by the garden window, from which they removed the iron grating, while standing on a singular looking wooden object, recognized by old fashioned country folks as a 'sawbuck.' It is painted a light green, and will doubtless prove a valuable clew toward tracing the miscreants. A thousand dollars reward is offered for return of jewelry or information leading to the arrest of the robbers."

"Why this is splendid! You can at once notify the authorities that the 'jack' is yours—the thieves who carried it off"——

"Oh, my—oh, my!" groaned Mr. Mouser; "don't talk to me about thieves—I may be arrested any moment when they discover"——

"Discover what? How can they arrest an innocent man because he owns an article stolen from him and used by wretches"——

"Oh, Lizbeth, I may not even be able to prove an alibi. Oh, what shall I do! I tell you wife, I am entirely innocent"——

"Ah! we nab you confessing, my fine bird," a rude voice here interrupted, followed by the entrance of the minions of justice.

Mrs. Mouser begged, cried, stormed and implored. Mr. Mouser was mute and totally crushed, but the bold minions of authority led him away to a dungeon, where he languished for three days before his friends could obtain a hearing for him. In the meantime the real culprits had been caught, but the law required an explanation of the language that appeared to the police like a question of complicity, notwithstanding Mr. Mouser's unquestionable social standing and perfect respectability.

The court room was crowded with his friends and neighbors. His wife gazed at him tearfully and lovingly, but Mr. Mouser was very much cast down. There was no escape. He had to tell how distasteful wood sawing had proved to him, how he feared the ridicule of wife and friends if after all the boasting he gave it up. But when he related his midnight elopement with his green sawing jack, even the court joined in the broad smile that ripened into a roar of laughter from the less dignified listeners. The crowning humiliation came, however, when he left the prison for the coach to be taken home. There he saw the green abomination resting at the driver's feet on the front of the carriage. His wife has not stopped laughing yet at his midnight adventure.—Adapted from the German, by Mrs. Miles H. McNamara in Boston Budget.

Meanest Man on Record.

The meanest man on record jumped aboard a Woodward avenue car the other afternoon. Every seat was occupied, and what did that man do but look out of a window and whisper something about a dog fight. Of course, no man could keep his seat under such a provocation. When Brown had looked in vain for the dog fight, he also looked in vain for his seat. It was completely hidden by that mean man, who was so deeply interested in his paper as to be wholly oblivious of everything else. But Brown had his revenge. A lady soon entered, and before any one could offer her a seat, he punched up the mean man and said:

"Will you please give this lady a seat, sir?"

Then they hung on to the straps and glowered at each other until their brows ached.—Detroit Free Press.

Good Health on the Congo.

The old saying that "beefsteak is better medicine than quinine" is receiving able support from many white men on the Congo. Stanley regarded Boma as a particularly unhealthful place, but it has lost a part of its bad reputation since cattle were introduced and European vegetables began to thrive in the gardens. The thirty white men at this settlement have not been called upon to attend the funeral of a European for a year. Their herd has multiplied until they are able to have fresh meat on their table every day, which they think is a great improvement on the tinned meats and canned vegetables upon which Stanley and his followers relied for strength to lay the foundations of the Congo enterprise.—New York Sun.

The ravages of a new green bug are causing a steady and increasing decline in coffee production in Ceylon.

GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS.

WHY MANY YOUNG BRITONS GO TO AMERICA.

An English View of the Matter—Why British Youngsters Take Kindly to the Farm—From a Social Standpoint—The Outcome.

It must be borne in mind that the young American and Canadian of the more educated class thoroughly despise farming, and the sentiment is echoed among those sons of the soil who are, or think they are, too "smart" to plow and sow. Land there has no prestige, no attraction of the kind it has in this country. This feeling against farming is partly genuine ambition and partly mere vulgar snobbishness, and the provincial press is continually noting and deploring its existence. The rural "buck" beyond the Atlantic would far sooner sell ribbons or saucepans across the counter than work upon his father's farm or even upon a good one of his own. Store keeping, except in some parts of the south, is, in the eyes of society in a country town, a higher pursuit, a less vulgar, a more refined occupation than cultivating the broadest of acres. This is not, considering the conditions of transatlantic life, wholly unnatural, and is in some sort a reaction from the rough pioneering life of preceding generations.

The stout limbed young Briton, however, starts upon traditions exactly the reverse. He has as much contempt for towns, for high stools and shopkeeping as his American friends have for farming, and entirely fails, though he may be foolish, to agree with the latter that a position behind the counter of an ironmonger's or bootmaker's shop is a haven of bliss. It would be quite superfluous to discuss the comparative merits of these opposing points of view. And this for the excellent reason that, even supposing the young English emigrant were less stiff necked in the matter, the great rush of competent natives for inferior urban situations already exceeds the demand.

TO LABOR ON THE LAND.

It is not at all surprising that Americans and Canadians are continually asking us why we bring up young men in luxury, educate them expensively, and then send them across the Atlantic to labor on the land—an occupation which may be carried on as well and even better by comparatively uneducated men. The question is natural enough to people who, in the first place, do not look at life with quite the same eyes that we use, and in the second, have little notion of the interior social economy of this country, and the hopeless competition that exists. If America had vacant desks to offer to the sons of our upper and upper middle class, no doubt these would be sought with eagerness. But even the tolerably influential American or Canadian knows well that, if he had the deepest interest in securing the most humble posts of this kind for half a dozen English lads from Rugby or Haileybury, he would be at his wits' ends to accomplish the task.

Nor again could the American by any possibility realize the singular aversion to indoor work and the actual pleasure in physical toil that by a strange law animates such a large proportion of our educational youth. The cry of "What shall we do with our boys!" is, as we have said, as rife as ever among the parents of the upper and middle classes, who for years have been bringing into the world far more children than they could reasonably expect to float in their own class in life. Nor is it any good pushing downwards in this country, for there the well bred seeker for work meets not only an army of small clerks hustling and jostling one another to a living, but in addition to them the inevitable, ubiquitous Tenton. Poor as are the prospects of the gentleman's son without brains, money or interest, a high stool in such a sphere, even if it could be won, what is it? Fifty pounds a year, the disadvantages without the advantages of a great city, a constant struggle to keep the nap on the coat and the loaf in the cupboard, inferior companions, bad air, bad tobacco and music halls.

THE FINAL OUTCOME.

English people who look upon the cleaning out of pig styes as a horrible degradation, but riding on a mowing machine a performance not unworthy of a gentleman, would be regarded by an American farmer as showing signs of softening of the brain. The perfect republicanism of the farming community beyond the Atlantic, which so often irritates the English gentleman emigrant of capital who becomes proprietor, stands in good stead those who have to work for others. The latter, at any rate, have no material anxieties. They may go, within certain limits, almost where they choose, and making certain of food and lodging and sufficient wage. If their lot is cast among a class socially lower than that in which they were born, it is proportionately kinder hearted and less likely to leave them in the lurch in case of unforeseen misfortune. If the physical work is hard, there is a large proportion of English youth to whom physical toil is infinitely preferable to mental labor and deprivation from fresh air. Sometimes this is only fancy and a youthful excuse to be rid of books, but often it is perfectly genuine and will stand the test of years.

Social sentiment is deeply adverse to such a line of life, but, after all, what a trifling thing is this when placed upon the scales with bread and butter and an average degree of happiness. If there are more gentlemen, to use an ambiguous phrase, brought into the world than can be maintained in a soft handed and black coated state, demand and supply must assert themselves. For the youth who has no intellectual hankerings and whose chief delight is in his physical powers, one can imagine many a worse fate than that he should be absorbed into that immense and industrious class who till the soil of the American continent. He will be none the worse for his gentle rearing if he have tact and sense. Even if he lose his superficial graces and become almost unrecognizable in the course of years from the ordinary working farmer of the country of his adoption, what harm is it? Is there any special happiness in this life, or extra chance of it in the next, in possessing certain tricks of manner and speech that indicate neither virtue, industry, honesty or even education in its comforting sense? For what do young men of this kind, whose education has been to them simply a bore, and its result a hatred of books, lose by such a life if they are otherwise happy, healthy and industrious?—Macmillan's Magazine.

DESERTS OF AMERICA.

The Mud Plains of the West in Midsummer—Uncomfortable Dust Columns.

A desert is generally considered as a barren waste of sand; probably on account of our familiarity with descriptions of the sandy deserts of Egypt. The American deserts, however, are flat mud plains, the beds of ancient lakes, and are but seldom covered with drifting sand. During the dry season, when not a drop of rain falls on their surfaces for four, five or even six months at a time, they become dry and hard, and broken in every direction by intersecting shrinkage cracks. At such times they bear a striking resemblance to some of the old Roman pavements made of small blocks of cream colored marble.

When in this condition one may ride over them without leaving more than a faint impression of the horse's hoofs on their smooth, glossy surfaces. In the stillness of night—and no one can appreciate the stillness of a desert until he has slept alone with only the boundless plain about him—the hoof beats of a galloping horse ring out as on the pavements of a city. As the summer's sun dries the desert mud, the salts that the waters bring to the surface in solution are left behind, and gradually accumulate until they are several inches thick, and make the deserts appear as if covered with snow. This illusion is especially marked when one traverses the deserts by moonlight.

During the long, hot days of summer, when the dome of blue is above the deserts without a cloud, the strange delusive mirage transforms the landscape beyond all recognition, and makes it appear tenfold more strange and weird than it is in reality. At such times bright clear lakes, with rippling surfaces and willow fringed banks, allure the unwary traveler, and would lead him to destruction should he believe them real. The mountains around the desert are also deformed by the mirage and made to assume the most extravagant and fantastic shapes.

During hot summer days the monotony of the desert is varied by dust columns, formed by small whirlwinds, which sometimes reach such magnitudes as to be decidedly uncomfortable to the traveler who chances to be in their path. Many times these columns are 2,000 or 3,000 feet in height, and have an approximate diameter of from thirty to fifty feet. The fact that they are hollow, whirling columns of dust is indicated, even from a distance, by their spiral appearance and by a light line in the center of each. These bending and swaying columns moving here and there across the desert landscape, impart a novel feature to the plain, and call to mind the genii of Arabian tales.

Such in brief are the deserts of the far west during the arid season. In winter they change and become impassable mud plains.—Israel C. Russell in Overland Monthly.

Emma Abbot on "Artistic Sense."

"Can you define the artistic sense to which you referred?"

"Ah, there is the thing. That is what no opera singer can get on without. To define it would be to define art itself. It includes taste and a thousand other things which are indefinable. You know the best of everything is indefinable. But what is the use of defining it? The person who has the artistic sense knows what it is without a definition and the person who has it not can not understand any definition of it. The person who has it in the greatest degree becomes the greatest artist, the roundest and most symmetrical. Michael Angelo had it, and therefore he was a great painter, a great poet, a great sculptor and a great architect. If he had a voice he would have been a great singer. Adelaide Neilson had it, and therefore was a great actress. Nature gave her about the ugliest pair of hands I ever saw on a woman, but it gave to her also the artistic sense to learn so to use those hands as to make them seem to look perfectly beautiful. If I were to attempt a brief definition of this sense I should say it is that in us which prompts us to make beautiful everything with which we have to do. The opera singer must have a beautiful voice, beautiful manners, beautiful costumes, beautiful stage settings, and she must have the artistic sense to know what constitutes these."—Chicago Times Interview.

The Cemeteries of Turkey.

Turkish tombstones are narrowest at the base, and soon lean and topple. Many lie prostrate, making seats for the living, who are free and fearless neighbors of the dead. Some of the cemeteries are used as pleasure grounds for the soldiery; the crumbling stones mend highways, repair walls, and repeatedly I have seen a handsome slab stop a hole to keep the wind away or serve as a doorstep to a tumble down hut. Children play in the somber alleys, washwomen hang clothes and stretch lines on the headstones, and ladies with veils of snow drifts and mist, drawn close by henna stained fingers, picnic and sprinkle sweet basil, for remembrance, above the beloved who have passed from sight. There is a soft air of resignation in their manner—the virtue which Mohammed taught is the key to all happiness—and they wear no mourning. Sinful it is to show sorrow for the loss of friends. It is believed that children of over mourning parents are driven out of Paradise and doomed to wander through space in darkness and misery, weeping as their relatives do on earth.—Susan E. Wallace in New York World.

Nevada's Floating Islands.

Henry's lake, amid the Rockies in Nevada, has two floating islands. One of them is about 300 feet in diameter. A willow thicket thrives in the center, interspersed with small aspens and dwarfed pines. These little trees catch the wind and it is wafted about the lake, which has an area of about forty square miles.—Boston Budget.

Methods of City Schools.

In vain have I told you that five hours' daily attention to books, to recitations, to instruction, is all that any growing child can safely endure. "No, no!" you cry, "give them more lessons—give them tasks to do at home;" and your children go through their school lives with the shadow of the coming task always falling upon the task just finished. The gentle, obedient, loving and affectionate little ones suffer, while the dear bad boys won't even make an effort, and thrive accordingly. The teacher can sometimes go home with his work finished for the day, the pupil never.

Now, if I will not permit this wrong to be perpetrated in the school under my charge, you take your boy away and send him to Mr. Examination Hunter's school; and you take your girl out of Miss Honest's department and send her down to Miss Showoff's school; and then you point with paternal pride to the great load of books your little ones stagger under as a proof of the superior efficiency of those two principals "whom we all respect." Then, when your little girl graduates, and Miss Showoff orders all the graduates to wear white dresses and tea roses and to come in carriages, and to drape their desks in white, you all say: "She has no right to give any such orders, and it ought to be stopped, and"—you get the dresses and the tea roses and the carriage, and you attend the reception; and it is all so beautiful, and the members of the mutual admiration society do speak so mellifluently—buttered honey, as it were—that you are as proud of your daughter as a drum major on parade. And then you go home, and your daughter has typhoid fever or spinal meningitis or some other Latin disease, and you lay the blame on Providence. Who is to blame if the supply of sham education be exactly proportioned to your demand for it?—Cor. Science.

A Peculiar Medicinal Plant.

The Jambne seed, or "Eugenia Jambolana," is now recognized to have the property of arresting the transformation of starch into sugar, and hence its great value as a medicine. Specimens of this medicinal plant are now being cultivated in England.—Chicago Herald.

REMODELING SILK HATS.

A Hatter's Chat with a Reporter—Ironing a Hat—The Styles.

"Silk hats? Yes, everybody, almost, is getting to wear a silk occasionally, if not regularly. It is the cheapest hat a man can wear, anyway." So remarked an experienced Nassau street hatter the other day.

"How so?"

"Why, because a silk only costs from $3 up, but little more than a first class Derby or soft felt, and it will outlast three of either. You can raff up a silk tile into almost any degre of unrecognized disreputability, and for 25 cents, or 50 cents at most, it can, if it was a good hat originally, be restored to almost its original elegance. A good silk hat will last a full season if it is not mashed or wet by some accident, and at the end of that time will retain a fair degree of respectability in appearance. A silk hat never fades, but constant exposure to rain and dust will in time dim its luster. That, however, is easily repaired by washing and ironing. If the frame is broken of course the hat must be 'blocked.' Ironing and blocking are different matters. Now I can have that hat of yours ironed while you wait, but to have it blocked would take two hours.

"Watch that hat being ironed. See, the iron is already hot. He takes a brush, relieves the nap of the hat from accumulated dust and arranges the silk fibers smoothly and in order. Now he takes that small iron and rubs the brim around. See how the dull, lusterless surface and the abraded places are smoothed down and how the original shine returns. Now that big smoothing iron comes into play. He holds the hat in his hand and rubs the iron lightly but firmly around the hat in the direction the nap lies. The luster is renewed, battered places are pressed into shape and kept there, and now, with artful usage and an avoidance of rain, the tile is as good as new, save that it is a little off in shape. The styles, changing from year to year, consist in a looser or tighter roll of the brim, more or less concavity to the sides of the crown, variation in the height of the crown and the 'dip' of the brim, and in the width and material of the trimmings. A very small reduction in the circumference of a hat crown in the middle will make an astonishing difference in the apparent shape of the hat when worn. It is this slight change in shape which makes the wearer of a silk tile a well dressed man, a dude or a shoddy imitation of a careful and correct dresser. Styles in hats are beginning to repeat, and the man who has an old shape of some years ago is right in style."

"Do many people have hats blocked and ironed?"

"Well, I should say they do. Every condition of man—and woman, too—comes in here to get his or her hat blocked to the correct shape and ironed if it has been wet."—New York Mail and Express.

The Tenor Forgot His Lines.

On the stage the prompter is the safety from forgetfulness, but in the concert theatre lapses take place. Even a great living tenor has been known to retire in the middle of a song he had been singing every week for almost a lifetime, because all memory of the words he wanted was gone. Such a case of sudden forgetfulness took place in one of the London theatres early in the present century. During the performance the gods in the galleries called for their favorite song, "The Sprig of Shillelah," though it was not announced in the bills, and John Henry Johnstone, a well known Irish actor and vocalist, came forward with alacrity and good humor to comply with the wishes of the gods.

Accordingly the music played, but the singer stood silent and confused. The symphony was repeated, but there were the same silence and confusion in rather an increased degree. The symphony was performed a third time, but to no purpose. At length Mr. Johnstone came forward to the front of the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you that I have sung this song so often that I forget the first line." A roar of laughter greeted these words and hundreds of good humored voices began to prompt the singer, who immediately gave the favorite song in good style and gained increased applause.—Chambers' Journal.

Notice.

All Drivers have positive orders to prevent passengers from getting on and off front platform of cars, or stand on the same.

Passengers must keep off of the front platform. WICHITA STREET R'Y CO. 66-tf

To Real Estate Agents.

Pocket real estate books for lands and lots, for sale at this office. Orders by mail promptly filled. Address all orders to The WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kan., R. P. Murdock, Manager. 46tf

Homes at the Burton Car Works.

The Midland Investment company will sell lots and make loans in reasonable amounts to assist in building homes. The Midland Investment company, Office with Citizens' bank. Plat and scale of prices can be seen on and after Monday, June 11, at the office of the Burton Car Works. 20 25tf

The Eagle pocket real estate book has become a universal favorite among dealers generally in the west. 26tf

Loans on improved farms made at lowest rates. Lombard Mortgage Company. 429 w30-tf

Free reclining chair cars are now running on all trains on the C., K. & N. R'y, "Rock Island Route," between Wichita, Topeka, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Chicago, St. Louis. 9tf

Passengers for Wellaford, for Coldwater and Ashland be sure and take Lake's straight line and save twenty-four hours' time; arrives at Coldwater at 5:30 p. m. 14-tf

The popular line for California, Oregon, Washington territory and all Pacific coast points is the Missouri Pacific, "Ft. Scott Route." 163-tf

Fourth of July Excursion.

For the Fourth of July celebrations the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway company including Kansas Midland division to Ellsworth, will sell round trip excursion tickets to any station within 200 miles of Wichita at one single fare for round trip. Tickets will be on sale July 3 and 4 and final limit for return passage July 5.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway company will sell round trip tickets July 3 and 4 to all points within 200 miles of Wichita, east, west, north and south at one fare for the round trip. Sale of tickets July 3 and 4, final limit for return passage July 5.

The Wichita & Western Railway company will sell round trip tickets to all points on their line at one fare for round trip on July 3 and 4, limited to return July 5. W. D. Murdock, Passenger and Ticket Agent, 122 North Main street. 24-6t

The Scenic Line of the World!

On account of the National Educational association which holds its annual meeting at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1888 the Missouri Pacific Railway company will sell round trip tickets at one fare for the round trip plus two dollars. Tickets going take you via the northern route via Pueblo and Denver, Col.

The scenery along this route is the finest and most picturesque in the world. Observation cars are run on all trains giving passengers a golden opportunity to see the grand mountain scenery. Passengers have choice of route returning. This is the only line to take and have comfort. No sand hills and deserts to pass through. Call at ticket office, 127 North Main street, and procure maps, circulars, etc.

E. E. BUCKLEY, Passenger and Ticket Agent. 33-9t

The depressing effects of warm weather are overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla—100 doses $1.